



The Bystander

Making Little Hearts Glad.

"Of course." One settlement worker yesterday was expressing her ideas on the Malihini Christmas Tree. "It doesn't do anything except make their little hearts glad."

And although she was an extremely practical woman, as becomes a mediator between the unthinking and the unthought of, she has placed her entire and generous store of energy and patience, acumen and gentleness to the disposal of the Malihini Christmas Tree, which doesn't do anything except make their little hearts glad.

The Malihini Christmas Tree shines like a luminous seasonal star in the souls of countless poor children of Honolulu, who look forward to its annual radiance with a bit of pretty religious awe.

But to one of them, who, for twenty-one months, has sat on the banai of a Palama tenement deprived of even their blessing of free motion, their star sends forth the one bright ray that means as much to him as the light from the extremely great grandmother's window meant to the Princess among the Gullies, and a boy who has shuffled about on his hands for months will be given the means to go out from his tenement home into the world of men.

That much of practical giving will be added to the dispensation of mere gladness to ordinary little hearts.

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Fair Play to Buyers.

In all the "home buying" talk that the merchants of this city are keeping out of, one thing has been made to stick in people's memory, and the sooner steps are taken to meet the decided indignation that it has aroused among a very large number of civilian buyers, the sooner will the cause of home buying make some advances. I refer to the matter of discounts to the Army folks.

I like the Army. I admire the majority of the boys in uniform for the way they behave themselves under considerable provocation, and I number many of my friends from among the officers. But I cannot, for the life of me, see where their dollar is worth more than mine to any storekeeper. I cannot fathom the reason why ninety cents from a man in uniform, or that man's wife, is as good as a dollar from me or my wife. I cannot understand why any storekeeper is satisfied with ten per cent less profit from a soldier than from a civilian.

If there be any good reason for any one of these things, I never heard it. I catch myself trying to figure out the percentage of the Army man's purchases I have to pay for with the ten per cent over that I hand out for what I eat, what I wear and what I waste. The way I look at it is this: I pay taxes to help keep up the town for the merchant to do business in. The soldier does not. I am here to make my home and to stay. The soldier is not. I chip in to help pay for celebrations and charities and churches and schools and the soldier does not. Yet, I do not expect the storekeepers to charge the Army or the Navy man ten per cent more than he does me because of these things. And I certainly don't like the idea of his charging me ten per cent more than him, either.

All Honolulu merchants do not discriminate, it is fair to state, and I think those who do not ought to have a quiet little talk with those who do and tell them how they are putting a crimp in the "home buying" campaign.

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Private Jones Is Pessimistic.

"Lots of news in the paper this morning," remarked High Private Jones as he pre-empted the old cane bottomed chair in the company barber shop and tilted comfortably back against the wall so as to be out of the way while the barber was making his daily inspection of quarters.

"If me—annual report of surgeon general. White men deteriorate from continued service in the tropics. Soldiers in the tropics should be quartered in cool buildings and live under most favorable conditions. Hum-m. Sounds all right don't it. Maybe they'll cut out building roads, and digging ditches, and moving hills to make target ranges and unloading coal, and sticking up emplacements and all those little diversions designed to keep the young recruits' minds occupied so they'll forget what they took on for. Maybe they'll let us stay indoors during the heat of the day in those cool quarters they'll provide, maybe they'll hire coolies who are used to the climate to do the heavy stunts in the sunshine like the Tommies do in India. Then maybe they'll decide not to keep us colonized as we won't have to stay here all the time and deteriorate.

"Those cool buildings appeal to me. Did you ever try to sleep in the Cuartel Espana in Manila when the heat was coming up out of the stones along in June, or in Warwick down at Cebu, or under the tin roofs at Jossman or Zambo? It'll be quite a change to get those cool buildings. McKinley wasn't so bad most of the year till they commenced to crowd in three deep like out here at Shafter.

"It'll be pretty nice when we get all these things but don't you go an' re-up for the long term on the strength of it, because we'll never see those things in our time.

"See this paper's all excited because we're going to get some new generals here pretty soon. Now I'm disappointed on that deal. I was hoping we'd get some generals straight from Washington—some of that good kind of generals. Everything these generals here try to do for us gets disapproved in Washington so its a cinch they must have better generals there—smarter ones anyhow. They know what we don't need better than those the ones we have here, and they know just why we don't need it. These generals here can't slip anything over on them at all, and the surgeon general isn't going to worry them a bit with his little old report. They want to keep us here, and we're going to stay and deteriorate and that's all there is to it."

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Consider His Ways and Get Wise.

R. L. C. Perkins, chief entomologist for the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, reporting on species of insects known to be in Hawaii, identified two species of white ants, *Cryptotermes castaneus*, which is abundant in dead trees in the forests, and *Marginipennis*, a house wood-eater.

Entomologist O. H. Swezey of the planters' experiment station has identified a third species, *Icterus*, which is found to have been on the rampage in the underpinning floor joists and wainscoting of the Kanehahua chapel. *Icterus* is an Australian white ant, while the other two are American citizens.

The new white ant in its native clime is a forest species which builds mounds of earth over stumps and logs and then eats out the wood. The life-history of white ants in general and of *Icterus* in particular is but little understood. There are natural difficulties in the way of studying how the insect lives. These insects may work for years in furniture or house timbers without their presence being suspected. White ants live in colonies with a queen, workers, soldiers and drones. They are not true ants but are degraded members of another great family of insects, and are only called by that term in the popular sense. In fact the principal enemies of the termites are the common red or house ant, that quickly clean out a termite colony whenever the runways of the latter are broken into or exposed.

The local entomologists have not studied the habits of *Icterus* very carefully because the insect never creeps in sugar cane but confines its attention to such things as mahogany tables, 1812 chairs and heavy foundation posts. It has most likely been a resident of Honolulu for a good many years, so there is no need of people being alarmed about it.

Icterus is a curious beast. It is a white, grub-like looking insect with a soft, squarish body. Scientists are anxious to know how a

water bodied bug like a termite can live inside a seasoned slab of kiln-dried hickory or oak and where he gets all the moisture that goes to make up his body. Science is always asking why things are, and this is one of the questions that nobody can answer.

Swezey says that these termites are probably like a good many other small unnoticed things—they are with us always, like fleas, or trouble, or the poor.

"Lastens," is Latin for "milky." The termite "soldiers" live in the same colony with the blind "workers." They do not eat wood. In fact, the scientists are a little doubtful about what they do eat. The latest view is that they live on dead ones, and are camp scavengers. When an enemy intrudes, however, the soldiers rush forward to the fray. Each "soldier" ant has a slit or gland on the back of his neck, from which a drop of milky fluid exudes when the animal is excited. It is this milky excretion that gives him the name of "lastens."

The methods of fighting the termite suggested by the scientists are based on the scavenger habits of the insect. They feed a poisoned bait which kills the first termite that eats it. Then the soldier or workers come along to clean up the dead and are in their turn poisoned, and so on. Fumigation is not a practicable method of control because of the difficulty of introducing the poisonous gases into the burrows of the white ant in the timber. Hence if anyone discovers that a *Cryptotermes* colony has eaten out the underpinning of his house the best thing is just to tear out the weakened joists and put in new ones. This is what the Trustees of the Kanehahua Schools will have to do with the floor of the chapel.

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A Tip to Tumulty.

They have their troubles in Singapore, too. Colonel Cunningham issues a special appeal to Americans to study geography before writing letters. He says:

Mail has been received at this consulate (general) variously addressed as "Singapore, India," "Singapore, China," "Singapore, Malay States," etc. It should be addressed simply Singapore, S. S., which insures its expedition de'vire without a trip through India or China in search of a place possessing the same name.

When next I receive a letter addressed "Bertander, Honolulu Philippines, West Indies, via Calcutta, we will think of our Sluga port consul and say nothing about it.

AND SANTA CLAUS LOVES THEM ALL



ALL NATIONALITIES LOOK ALIKE TO HIM.

Test of Real Diamonds

How to tell real from false diamonds is briefly explained by a contributor to a Vienna journal. In the first place, he says, real diamonds may be recognized by their great hardness and high refractive index, which are not found together in any imitation stone. The diamond stays brilliant because it is hard, while other stones and imitations become scratched and dulled by friction.

For an experienced eye it is not difficult to decide from the appearance of the facets whether a stone is genuine or not, for those of real diamonds are seldom so regular as those of fine imitations. With the latter the greatest care is taken in grinding to smooth and polish not only the facets, but also the whole form into such a shape as to avoid differences in the reflection, refraction and scattering of the rays.

In the grinding and polishing of real brilliants, on the other hand, effort is made to keep the original size as nearly as possible, and some little irregularities in the facets and angles are preferred to any diminution in weight. In the imitations the superfluity of cheap material, which may be wasted without making any difference, enables a perfect counterfeit to be made.

A necessary tool for testing is the file, which is not able to injure or scratch a real diamond, while on an imitation it quickly makes its mark. Better than the file is a fragment of sapphire, because the sapphire is the next hardest stone to the diamond. Any stone that can be scratched with a sapphire is surely no diamond. If a small drop of water is placed on the upper facets of a brilliant and touched with a pointed pencil the drop will keep its rounded form, while the stone remains clean and dry. If the same thing is done in a glass imitation the drop spreads out at once. A diamond plunged into water will be plainly visible and will glitter through the liquid, while an imitation is almost invisible.

The white sapphire, the white topaz and rock crystal are commonly black dot on a sheet of white paper, one single point will be seen clearly. If several points appear a blur is seen it is an imitation. The white sapphire, the white topaz and rock crystal are commonly sold as diamonds, but more often imitations are made of glass. To recognize these glass imitations treatment with acids is the best remedy, which removes the polish of the facets, while it does not affect the diamond, ruby, sapphire or emerald. However, an imitation made of glass yields to the hardness test, so that a chemical test is superfluous.

Small Talks

J. F. DURAO.—I would like to know who it is that puts in the paper thoughts that I think aloud?

JEFF McCARN.—With the arrival of Governor Pinkham I guess I will be given a rest in more ways than one.

SAM HOP.—Here's wishing the Malihini Christmas Tree a Merry Christmas. At castle and yours truly came through yesterday. How about you?

R. W. BECKSON.—Now that I am really and truly a free man again I feel like making another Fourth of July speech and set off a string of crackers.

UMPIRE STANTON.—There seems to be very little to choose between rowdies at the baseball park and officers who don't know enough to perform their duty.

"CHINESE GORDON" REDINGTON.—Watch me maneuver my company in the Washington's Birthday parade. I'll have an army officer in the crowd to tip me the signals.

D. L. CONKLING.—I found Hilo getting along as well as usual. There are a lot of new faces in the town and one does not know everybody up there now as he did some years ago.

R. J. RICHLY.—I don't think it was intended that I should impersonate an escaped lunatic in the parade yesterday. That was not my fault, however, and I have no excuses to offer.

C. H. MERRIAM.—The baseball dinner the Judiciary Building and Capitol teams had this past week was the best ever and I am sure that Otto Berndt, as toastmaster, could not be excelled.

DELEGATE KUHIO.—If I was in Washington now I would not have had a chance to see the fine Shriners' parade we had in Honolulu yesterday. This is what I got for staying home, you see.

J. M. CAMARA.—Deputy Sheriff Rose will return to Honolulu just in time to offer the city a couple of Christmas presents. I understand they are so precious that they will be placed in a safe place.

CHARLIE ACHIL.—I like hear that haole waltz sing "My China-town" at Bijou Theater last night. He make me feel like sleep time I hear music like that, but I think he no got eyes like Chinese waltz.

A. D. LAENACH.—I can't say that I admire the choice of the color now being used on the new floor in the rotunda of the Judiciary Building. It reminds one too much of something I don't care to say.

THOMAS TREADWAY.—I wonder what got into my friend Lord d'Avencourt to dig so into my marriage license business as he did last week. I never refused him a license, nor has he ever applied for one.

JOHN C. ANDERSON.—People have responded very liberally to our calls for records for the Waialea and Moiliili industrial schools phonographs. Between now and Christmas Day we will be pleased to receive a few more.

"BILLY" DICKSON.—It feels good to get back to Honolulu

CHRISTMAS

Written for The Advertiser by E. R. Goodhue.

Born to the world
This day—thousands of years ago—
Sweet token of two lover's love
Their child, Jesus, the Christ,
Bringing a message here below
Of God above!

Peace and good-will
The angels sang: Rejoice! rejoice!
Love for the world instead of hate,
Purposes and kindly will.
No blind-faced Destiny, but choice:
No manacles of Fate!

Peace! peace! he cried,
The man who came to bless his race—
Love ye each other as I love you all,
And God above loves each;
Our Father from whose unseen face
Dear beams of kindness fall!

Greatest of these, he said,
Fruits of the spirit strive ye far;
Joy, love, long-suffering, faithfulness and peace—
The Brotherhood of Man.
Forget the cruel greed of war,
And from your strivings cease!

Love begets love; He knew
The power of tenderness expressed;
He knew what strength the bonds of love can yield,
How weak the chains of hatred are,
How all by kindly words are blessed,
And how love's treasures are revealed.

II.

Bright days have we in this land so fair,
No frost ever breathes through the balmy air,
And sunshine is radiant everywhere,
And the skies are blue all over the land,
Over valley and hill;
Beautiful blossoms on every hand
Open their treasures at our demand,
And the wafted air

Is freighted with odors sweet and rare,
Of laurel, acacia, jessamine,
Myrtle, marjoram and eglantine,
Lily and orange and lavender.

III.

The first sweet Christmas when a Savior's birth
Came, like the light of dawn, from heav'n above,
Bringing good-will to men and peace to earth,
With blessed tidings of a Father's love.

Wise men from far came to the lowly bed
On which the King of Peace was uncovered lay;
Gave treasures rich, then with uncovered head
In reverence bowed, and gave their hearts away.

And as night dark'ning o'er the wide plains fell,
Touched every sloping foothill far and near,
While all was still save when some tinkling bell
Rang its clear notes upon the shepherd's ear.

Light flashed in darkness, and a rushing sound
Of many voices, full and rich and strong,
Shook all the waves of air, toll to the ground
And through the plains and valleys tolled along.

"Fear not," the angels sang, "for there is born
Unto you all this day a savior king."
Then all the shepherds sang with mighty voice—
"A savior unto us is born, rejoice! rejoice!"
While music floated down again:
"Yea, peace for earth is and good-will to men,
Rejoice, a lord is born, rejoice! rejoice!"

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Again the sea of Time reaches our shore
With its full tide of joy and cheer,
Bearing up to us ships of tokens, more
The precious trophies of a Christmas year.

And as, when waves roll back, there lie
Shells, mosses, stones and coral rare,
For some to take and by-and-by
Keep as mementoes sweet and fair.

So the full wave of Christmas-tide
Bears down upon us all today,
Bringing dear tokens to our side
For us to take and lay away.

To treasure in our hearts their worth,
Not for themselves but what they show,
Love for each other—what on earth
Nobler or better could we know?

The dawn sends out a joyful gleam,
Why not be happy with the birds?
The skies are blushing now and seem
To speak for us the words:
Good-will, faith, trust and helping-hand,
God's here in dear Hawaii-land!

Merry Christmas!

A Merry Christmas then on this fair day,
And merrier ones through coming years;
May gladness cheer chase care away
And leave behind no place for tears!

The Triple Alliance

The smaller states of Europe—and England as well—may breathe more easily because of revelations concerning the triple alliance which have just come out of Germany. Doctor Friedjung contributed to a recent number of the German monthly review, Der Grief, an analysis of the origin, the intention and the working of the triple alliance. The analysis confirms the general belief that the alliance is a weak affair, that it is of value only as a defensive agreement, and that as a pact of offense it is worthless. The triple alliance includes Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy. Italy, temperamentally and politically, has no business in the alliance—and thereby hangs the story of peculiar and world-influencing developments during the late Balkan wars.

Germany has two articles of alliance with Austria, each independent of the other. An alliance between Germany and Austria was drafted in 1879. It was Germany's desire to make it perpetual, in order always to enable the two countries to present a unified force against the common foe, Russia. But Vienna disliked the idea of perpetuity. It seemed too much like tutelage to Germany. It was agreed, however, that the alliance should continue automatically unless one of the parties gave notice to terminate it. It was not until 1882 that Italy threw in her lot with Germany and Austria. She did so then, not through love for Austria, but through admiration of Germany and fear of France. The French occupation of Tunis had stirred Italian fears lest the royal possessions along the North African littoral be lost. Italy desired an alliance with Germany alone, but Bismarck objected. It must be with Austria as well or not at all.

It was not until five years later that the alliance as we know it today was entered into. In the meantime two new treaties were signed, whereby Italy received the promise of German support in case of French invasion, but had no agreement whatever with Austria which would lead to mutual hostility. In 1887 Italy won her point. Austria had another attack of Slavic ague and so agreed to support Italy against the imaginary French foe. But a secret clause was included which made the definite provision that Austria, on acquiring any Balkan territory, could not expect Italy to remain inactive. As an alliance of defense the agreement has worked very well these twenty-six years. But in the Balkan crises of 1912 and 1913, when Austria reached first toward the Jews through Macedonia and then toward the lower Adriatic through Albania, an embarrassing situation arose. Austria could not, under the alliance, annex more Balkan territory unless Italy also took some desirable portions of Albania, and rather than see Italian control established in Albania, Austria sacrificed all Balkan expansion. It seems improbable that Italy and Austria would ever work in harmony in case of a war of aggression—there is too much jealousy.